

A L E T T E R

Presented to His EXCELLENCY

GENERAL MONCK,

By a Citizen, at his coming into London,

Feb. 3. 1659

YOU are the equal *Object* of some mens *hopes*, and others *fears*; your *Prudence* and *Magnanimity* so well known, excites your *Native Countrey* to expect Wonders, *God* seldom bestowing so large measure but for extraordinary Purpose; especially considering this fair gale of opportunity, which sure your *Lordships Spirit* is too noble to render useles: or use basely; the *Distemper* is *Epidemical*, the *Symptomes* apparent, and (without the interposure of extraordinary means) deadly. Now, *my Lord*, act the part of a *Wise and Generous Physician*, by applying suitable *Remedies* for retrieving our *Liberties* from the Grave: What can be done more honest, more just, more safe? For if you shall say a *Confederacy* to these men, the *Lord* we hope will break it, or at least you will but serve those who (when time serves) will ruine you rather then sit in fear. Remember *Lambert*, if you should (as many think) attempt *self-Exaltation*; let the case of the late *Protector* be fresh in your memory, who though by *Policy* and *Tyranny* he continued the *Regality* to his last, yet left his *Posterity* a *Scorn*, and himself a *Stink* in the *Nostrils* of all honest *Englishmen*. Never was any thing more universally breathed after, then a *Parliament* Full and Free; nothing more easily agreed upon to be the *Peoples* due, and yet *Treason* to endeavour it: Say *my Lord*, is the Interest of half a dozen so dear, that they must live upon the ruine of a poor *impoverisht People*. The *Sword* is in your hand, *strike*, and let not some few *Rotten Members* endanger the whole *Body*; lose not your *heat*; lest when too late you with *Balaam* say, *O that I might dye the death of the Righteous*. The assistance of *Almighty God* and all good men you need not question; who would not venture *Life, Estate, and All*, for redeeming a poor *Nation*, from *Bondage* little inferiour to that of *Egypt*; *Brick without Straw, Tax without Trade, Poverty* comes upon all our *Countreys* like an armed man; *Livelihood's* gone, the *Poor* want bread, the *rich* live not secure, and *Oppression* makes *wise men mad*: you hear how the *Gentry* stand affected; and (as well as can be done by words) they have told you the state of the *several places* where they inhabit. But, *my Lord*, the condition of the generality cannot easily be imagined, much less related; they have spent their *Blood* and *Treasure* to beggar themselves, and enrich a few; who like the *Horsleech* still cry, *Give, give*: here's their misery, they were once well, though not wise enough to know it; but now as *Solomon* saith, *A Rod for the Fools Back*.

The *Spirits* of men are every where so roused, and their *Courage* so enraged by the greatness of their *Pressures*, that there can be no hindering of these *Sparks* from becomming a *mighty Flame*, unless by a speedy Compliance to their so reasonable desires: and though others (like *Salamanders*) delight to live in the fire of *Contention*, or to fish in *troubled waters*, yet let a *dying Kingdom* obtain as it does implore your *Lordships help*; and let me beseech you by all that's dear in this *Life*, and by the *Felicities* of a better, to use your utmost endeavour, to prevent the effusion of *Blood*, seeing so much hath been spilt already, to so ill purpose, as the buying us *Chains, Fetters, and Scourges*.

To conclude (*my Lord*) A *Free Parliament* is the *Nations* undoubted Right; the *City* expects it, the *Countrey* groans for it, all men seek and desire it, and therein lies the present *Peace* and *welfare* of this *Nation*: it cannot be thought therefore that your *Lordship* will make any doubt of espousing this Cause, so honest and just; but if you should leave the ducture and guidance, of that *Provi-dential* hand which leads you to the procuring these good things, for your *Self* and *Us*, there is yet no question but *God* in his due time will raise up a *Judge* in our *Israel*, and that our *Magistrates* shall not alwayes be like *wolves*, who in the morning take the *Prey*, and in the evening divide the *Spill*; but that a *Law-giver* may again be among *Us*, and the *Scepter* in the midst of our *People*. These (*my Lord*) are the sincere thoughts of one who is neither for a *Commonwealth*, nor *Kingship*, neither for *Charles Stuart*, nor for your self, otherwise then may conduce to the *Good, Safety, Peace, and Tranquility* of the whole *Nation*.

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My Lord
Your humble Servant
J. B.